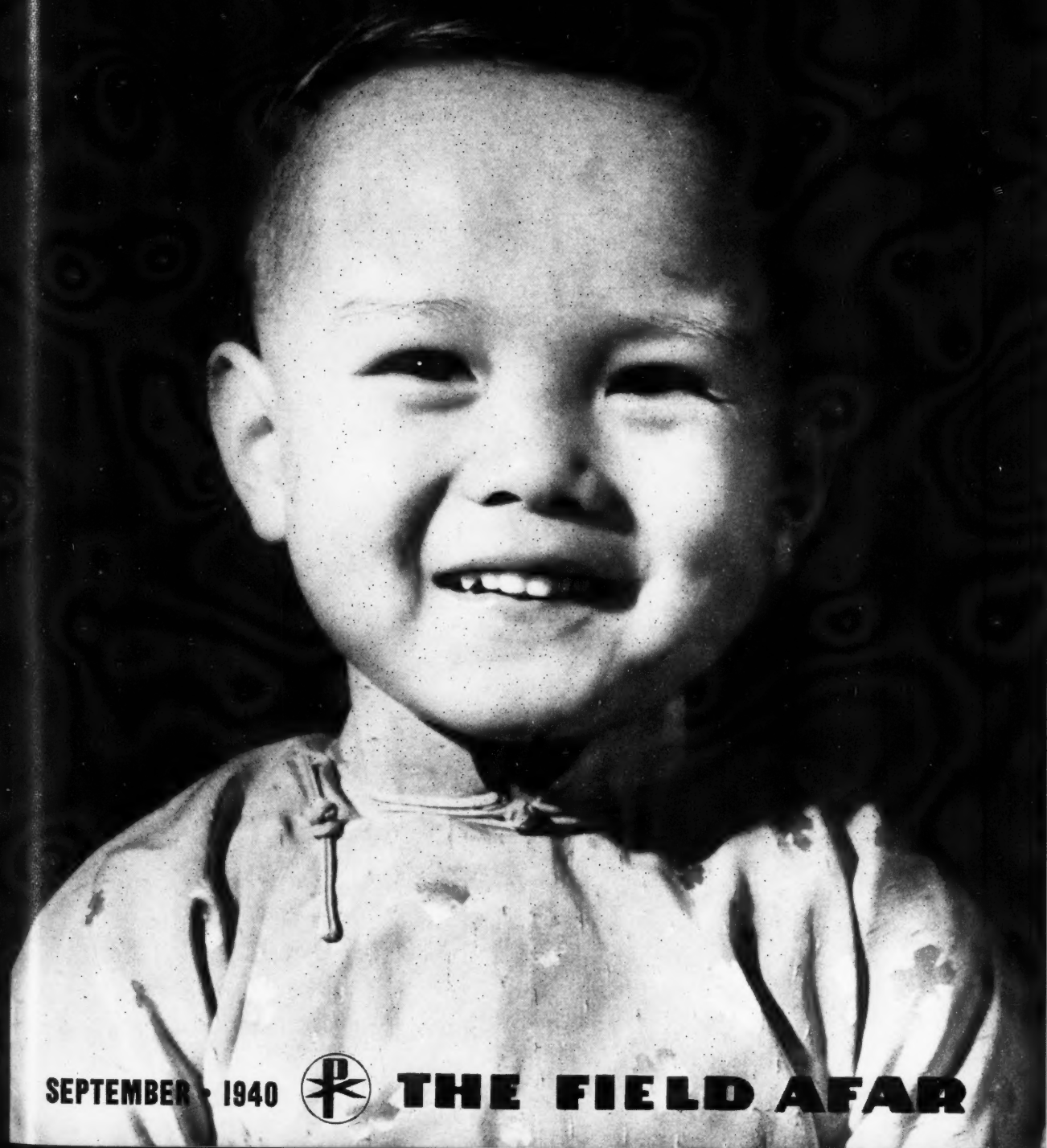


MARYKNOLL



SEPTEMBER • 1940



THE FIELD AFAR



"A new commandment I give unto you: that ye love one another as I have loved you."
Today, nearly two thousand years after Jesus Christ died out of love for all men, scarcely one half of the population of His earth has even heard of Him. Why? Each of us knows the answer! The Crucifix tells so vividly how much He loved us. Are we fulfilling our part to love others "as" He has loved us?

MARYKNOLL

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions, which embraces two societies. • Central headquarters for both societies are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of priests are maintained in various sections of the country from Massachusetts to California. • The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States as

the national society for foreign missions, and authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. • In seven large areas of the Orient—in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea—Maryknollers are laboring among 25,000,000 pagan souls. • The legal title of the Maryknoll Fathers is "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc."; that of the Maryknoll Sisters is "Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc."

THE FIELD AFAR

SEPTEMBER, 1940

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Our Cover: The light of little Sun Li's smile was found in New York's Chinatown. Maryknollers in their quest for souls hope to bring the light of grace to all the big and little Sun Li's of the world.

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Most Reverend Diomedea Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to the United States at the time of Maryknoll's foundation

AN EPOCH-MARKING EVENT

THE establishment in the United States of a seminary intended for the education of priests who are to labor on foreign missions may well be said to be an epoch-marking event in the history of the Church in this country; for it is a sign that the Church here now feels strong enough to begin to take its due part in that larger movement of Catholic life which looks to one's neighbor as well as to one's self. The Seminary for Catholic Foreign Missions will be the first formal answer of the Church in the United States to the divine call "to enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

The Holy Father deeply blesses the endeavor; and it is certain, therefore, that the splendid proofs of self-denying

devotion to the cause of their religion already given by American Catholics in support of their own home altars will not be wanting on the incomparably wider and even nobler world-field to which the proper authorities have now directed the initial efforts of their undoubted, intelligent, and self-devoted zeal. I send my special blessing and the best wishes of my heart to all engaged in instituting or in aiding this noblest of works, and I shall ever pray that God may give to it the glorious fruition which is its due.

✠D. FALCONIO, Apostolic Delegate

*From a letter to the founders
of Maryknoll, October, 1913*

TALK OF THE MISSIONS

Nor War Nor Plague

We have not heard whether the conflict in Europe has been instrumental in turning men's hearts to God, but statistics from China for a twelve-month period are most heartening. In spite of a drifting population and other harrowing exigencies of war-torn missions, there has been an increase of 82,358 Catholics, some 14,000 more converts than in the previous year. Maryknollers who shared in this record harvest look for even greater gains in the next report.

Workers

The dearth of priests in all mission stations at the present time calls not only for regret but for prompt prayerful action. One case in point is that of the Fushun Mission, mentioned elsewhere on this page; another, which came to our attention recently, was the Vicariate of Funing in China. At Peng Yang, where the number of converts doubled in the past year, a convert offered his house to be transformed into a church, mission residence, and school. In the next village, Christians contributed a sizable tract of land and are ready to begin the construction of a church if a priest can be sent to them. Three other communities have already built churches and residences—as yet unoccupied. As the fields grow white for the reapers, the need of more priests increases daily. The possibilities of abundant harvest have never been greater. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest."

Good Wishes

Our laundryman used to greet us and send us on our way with a wish that we might become very wealthy, and that we might always have plenty to eat. We excused him for what we thought were pagan ideals. But we have just come across a message written at the Chinese New Year by a young pagan student, and we find hope in his words. Writing to schoolmates, he said: "I wish you a new year filled with hard work and happy work, with success borne modestly and failure borne bravely, a new year spent in loving and serving God as He deserves. Whether our lives be failures or successes, we shall be safe so long as we are with God."



If you were to place a map of Maryknoll's Fushun (Manchukuo) Mission on a map of the United States, you would find that it falls more or less snugly over New Jersey, a corner of Pennsylvania, eastern New York, and most of the New England States. More than one hundred miles separate most of the

thirty-three priests, twenty-nine Sisters, and two Brothers who work among the ten thousand Catholics of this area. Five and one half million non-Catholics are yet to be reached. Although you yourself may not care to travel in such a mission, your prayers could, no doubt, prompt some one else to do so. At least, such a prayer would make easier the road for the few workers already there.

The Stage

Our Maryknoll Play Library, ever on the lookout for new mission plays, calls our attention to the musical drama presented recently in Tokyo. Father Heuvers, S.J., and Monsignor Ciniatti collaborated in supplying the words and musical score for the first production of "Grace Hosokawa." Mrs. Hosokawa, daughter of a famous general and wife of a daimyo, embraced Christianity in 1587. Three years later she suffered martyrdom. We are interested now to see an adaptation in English. For the Catholic stage, "Grace Hosokawa" may yet become a new "Madame Butterfly" with a happier finale.

Centenary

One of the first books to be published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America (Maryknoll) was "Two Vincentian Martyrs," the combined biographies of Blessed Francis Clet and Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre. The book was a fine introduction to two noblemen of Christ. This month marks the hundredth anniversary of Blessed Perboyre's death and the fiftieth year since his elevation to the altar. In China celebration of the two jubilees will take the form of triduums and novenas to implore the intercession of Blessed Perboyre on behalf of the people for whom he gave his life. A short story touching his mission activities and his martyrdom appears on page 24 of this issue.



SEED TIME AND HARVEST

By Rev. Arthur F. Allie

It was fifteen years ago that Kim Suni came to our Holy Mother School in Heijo. Like all the other children, she studied the catechism, but with more seriousness. The fact that Our Lord established only one true Church left an indelible impression on her young mind.

Although Suni ardently wished to become a Catholic, she dreaded to broach the subject to her parents, who were staunch Protestants. When she mentioned this desire of hers to them one day, they summarily commanded her to put the notion out of her head and forbade her to be baptized.

"Some day, though," Kim Suni told herself, "I am going to be a Catholic."

Shortly after her graduation from our parochial school, her parents forced her into an early marriage against her will. Three years later she was a widow, still in her teens.

"Now," she thought, "at long last I have a chance to lead the kind of life I have always wanted. I will not go to another 'marriage house.' Instead, I will live a single life like the priests and Sisters who are teaching at Holy Mother School."

But, alas! Suni reckoned without her parents again. Without consulting her wishes, the family forced her into another marriage, and this time with a divorced man from Seoul.



Three children, one boy and two girls, were born of this unhappy union; but after the birth of the last child Suni failed to regain her health. While she was lying on her sickbed, the memory of her days at Holy Mother School haunted her with added poignancy. What happy days they had been! Would that she could see the good Sisters once again!

Perhaps, since she was sick, if she asked to have one of the Sisters come and visit her, the family might consent. Her parents had tried time and again to have her join their church, but she turned deaf ears to their pleas, saying that there was only one true Church, the Catholic Church, and she would believe in no other.

Her mother, who had been previously warned of the girl's serious illness, was now with her in Seoul. "Mother," Suni said, "I have a very important request to make. It may be my last one, because I have a feeling I am not going to get well."

"Hush, child! Don't talk like that! The doctor says you are doing fine."

"Yes, he says that to cheer you, but I know better. Before I die, I want to see one of the Catholic Sisters again. There are some here in Seoul, just like the ones who taught me at Holy Mother School in Heijo. Will you please ask one of them to come to me, Mother? I must see her!"

"Yes, child, since you insist. But you know our mind on this matter."

To Suni's great joy the Sister arrived, and the girl confided to her the yearnings of her heart and the

events of her life since graduation. She begged to receive Baptism before she died. The Sister saw that the girl was in a dying condition and, being assured of her knowledge of the Faith and of her proper disposition, she baptized her.

Thereafter the Sister visited the new Catholic frequently, and the two spent happy hours together, talking about God, the Blessed Virgin, and the future life.

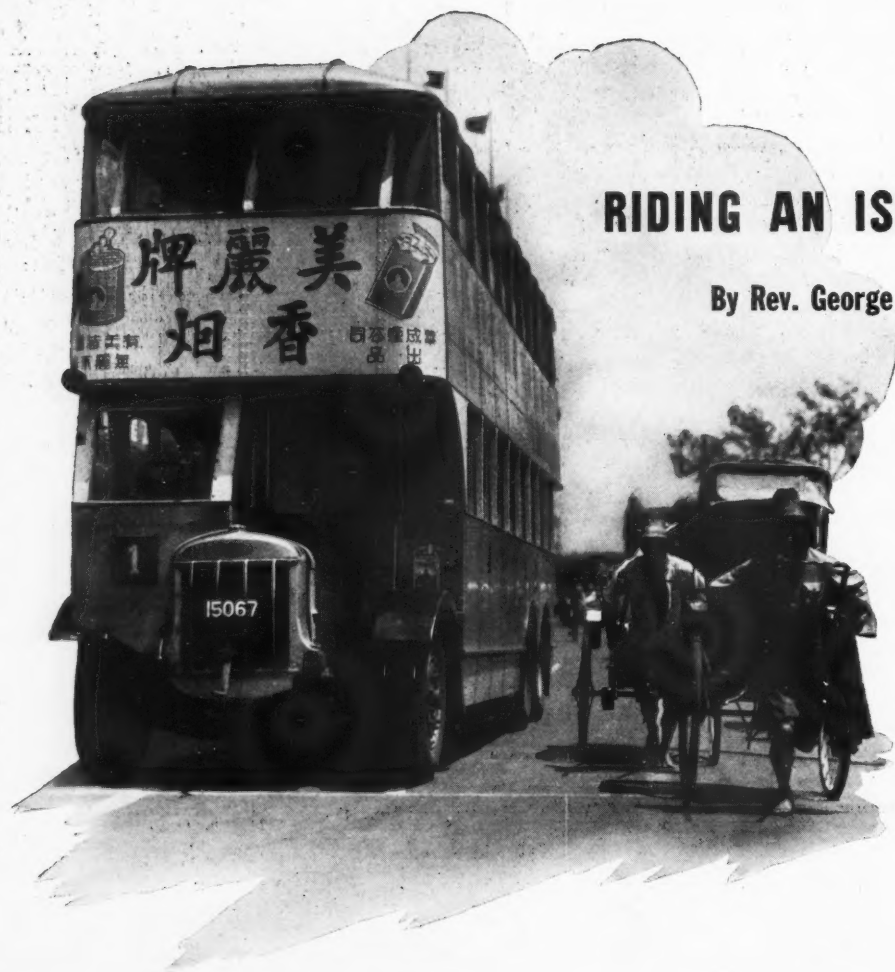
Even though her strength was gradually failing, she never lost an opportunity to read her prayerbook, say her beads, or study the doctrine. When she could no longer read, others recited the prayers for her. Her crucifix was constantly beside her or clasped in her hands.

She had a beautiful death. In her hands was her beloved crucifix. "Jesus, Mary, Joseph," she murmured over and over again.

They buried Kim Suni as she had wished, with all the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. The visits of Catholics, who came to pray at her bier, and the rites of the Church for the dead greatly impressed the family. The mother said that she had never seen anyone so happy, so unafraid to die, as her daughter. It had been a new experience for her, and she derived real pleasure from speaking of the beautiful death (*Continued on page 14*)



Above: For a second time Kim Suni was forced into a loveless marriage with a much older man. Left: Her memories of the days at Holy Mother School, always happy ones, haunted her with added poignancy.



RIDING AN ISLAND BUS

By Rev. George L. Krock

EVERYTIME I go down by bus to Hong Kong—over the winding island road—I am attracted by the variety of interesting fellow passengers. These are as diverse as God made them. When we first came to Hong Kong, we used to sit in the first-class, with the British soldiers and their wives and the silk-clad Chinese; but later, when we were wiser and closer to the heart of the country that we had come to convert, we rode second-class, and we have enjoyed the change.

Second-class is always crowded, and the people have many bundles. There are houseboys with their rolls of bedding, workmen with their tools, junkmen with sacks of bottles, shoppers with bundles of vegetables. And there are always several women with their babies tied to their backs; stolid men puffing cigarettes; and the man with the live fish. Next a few Sikhs get on—tall brown men with long hair, and bracelets on their arms. They have biblical beards, and sit so straight that their turbans brush the ceiling.

Now the bus starts suddenly—the conductor comes

collecting the fares in three languages, biting the coins and holding the bills up to the light. An occasional country bumpkin will try to talk price as he has done for everything all his life, and when the conductor refuses to quote a lower price the bus must stop to let "careful one" off—to walk, as he has perhaps done all his life.

By now we are speeding along—kept down only by gravity, and spinning around curves with the pull of centrifugal force, countered only by one little steering wheel. The women begin to get sick—they hold their handkerchiefs over their mouths and moan; the children start getting out of hand; and the fish on the floor flop around.

At each stop more people crowd on, more bundles, more babies; though signs on the ceiling distinctly state, in both English and Chinese, "Only six standing people allowed." By now there must be fifteen up and ten down.

Those five miles, full of impressions, full of wisdom and strange sights and smells, are why we always go second-class now.

MANCHU SUMMERS

By Rev. Stanley T. Ziembra

SUMMER in the land of the Manchus is a wonderful time of year. The heat of the day, here as elsewhere, reaches its peak at noontide; and for the few hours of its duration the sun burns relentlessly. The mornings and evenings, however, make up for our comfort. Since they are, as a rule, cool and pleasant, most of the day's business is done by the natives in the early mornings and evenings; then life moves along briskly!

Mission trips in Manchukuo are generally made during the daytime. The luxury of a train trip is not always ours. More often the journey must be made by mule-cart.

Someone has written in a song that "mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun . . . the Chinese don't dare to. . ." And although we do not fit into either class mentioned by the song writer, we must be a sight to the natives, who gape at us as we roll along on our mule-cart. The noon hours to them mean cessation of all work, a time for rest and sleep, and there are few trees along the way to provide shade.

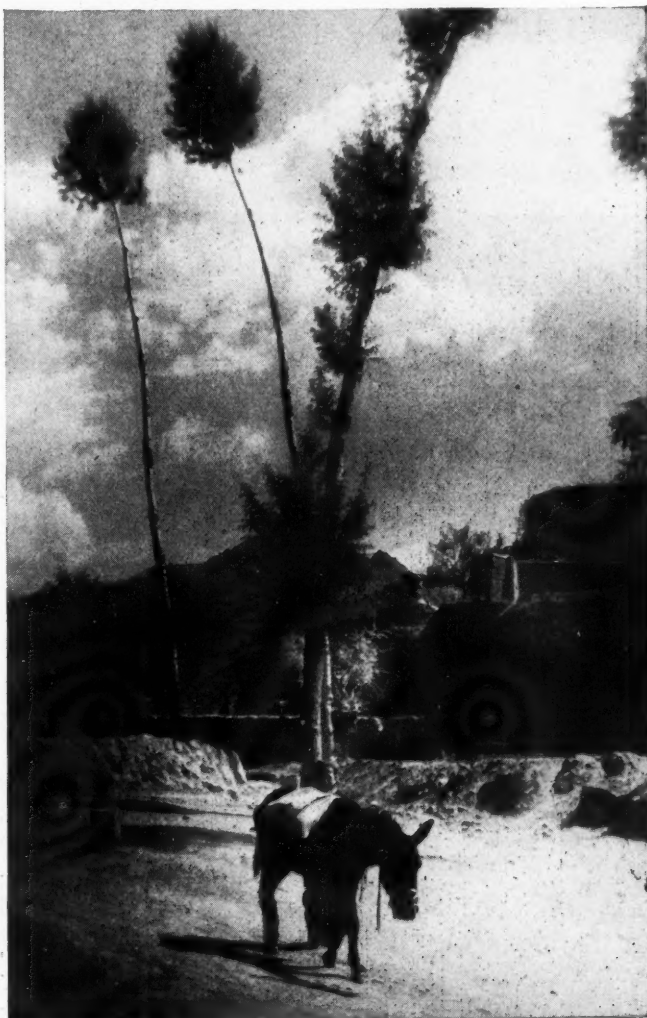
The rivers and streams are in many places dry and empty; there remain a bed of sand and occasional boulders scattered here and there. Where a stream does flow, it is not unusual to see men, children, dogs, pigs, horses, cows, and mules, all cooling off together.

In late June and early July there is often a warm, windy season. The dry river beds and the sun-parched roads produce a very fine, powder-like dust. When this is caught up by the wind, the sky assumes a dark yellow hue; and travel, then, is not so pleasant.

However, the big rains start during the later part of July. They last about a month, and stop just before the big feast of the Assumption. To travel out in the country districts during the rainy season is out of the question: the roads become too muddy, and there are too many rivers and streams to cross. Hence, traveling is done during this dry season regardless of the big winds.

Certainly the summer, in spite of its heat,

wind, and dust, is more inviting for mission trips. The people are busy working in their fields, but that very fact seems to bring us closer to them and permits us to share their tasks and their progress. They are surprised and pleased when the missionary praises their crops or offers a new suggestion for a greater harvest. The heat and wind with the dust are fleeting; the jostling on a springless cart is felt only while one is riding; the joy of a soul saved for God is worth it all—something which cannot be measured in human terms of suffering or discomfort.



Even the burros feel the heat of a Manchu summer day, as they plod wearily beneath their heavy burdens to and from the market.

THAT WINNING SMILE



Above: His whole face smiled with a mirth that was contagious. Left: Momotaro, emerging from his peach enclosure, finds his worthy cohort—the pheasant, monkey, and dog—awaiting him. Below: The “o-basan” stayed at home to work.



EVERYONE is more or less familiar with the famous Huckleberry Finn, immortalized by Mark Twain, and I have no doubt but that he is the idol of many an American youth. Japanese folklore gives us a picture of a Nipponese Huck, whose real name is Momotaro, the boy who was found in a peach (*momo* is the word for peach).

The setting of the oriental story is a peasant home situated on a mountainside, with a near-by rice field—so common in Japan; an old couple, who had lived there for many years without the blessing of children; an ordinary working day, when the *o-jisan* (old man) goes to the forest to gather firewood, while the *o-basan* (old woman) in the pursuit of her domestic duties goes to the near-by stream (as is Japanese custom) to wash some clothes.

As the *o-basan* was performing her task at the edge of the river, she spied, floating and bobbing down the stream, a rare peach. Full of wonder at the spectacle, she picked it up and hurried away to the house, trying to guess its meaning. Since the couple had been accustomed to settle problems together for many years of their married life, she patiently awaited the return of the *o-jisan*, and together they inspected the wonderful peach, finally deciding to cut it open. The knife was inserted carefully into the luscious fruit. Very gradually the peach began to open, and then—



The old lady went to the near-by stream to wash some clothes.

out popped a healthy baby boy, Momotaro.

Life went along much more pleasantly with this addition to the family, for which the old couple had longed for many years, and Taro grew up to be a big strong boy, full of the ambitions of the Huck Finn type. One day he disclosed his plan of attacking Devil's Island and begged his parents to prepare some *kibidangos* (the famous Japanese dumplings), by which he hoped to overcome the devil. The old couple gladly prepared the *dangos*, and Taro started off bravely to meet the devil.

The journey was long. En route, Taro met, in turn, a dog, a pheasant, and a monkey, and succeeded in winning them as helpers by offering each of them one of his precious *kibidangos*. The quartet advanced bravely: Taro, with his sword dangling defiantly; and the dog, the pheasant, and the monkey, proud of the fact that they were in the army of Devil's Island invaders.

When the gate of the devil's stronghold was reached, the pheasant took on airplane proportions and swooped in and over the castle, to ascertain conditions and relay information to his helpers outside the gate. The infantry, too, was preparing for action, and the monkey with one grand dash scaled the gate to open it for the advance of the regulars. Then with a clear road ahead they advanced bravely to the attack—the monkey picking at the devil's eyes; the dog nipping at his legs; Taro, sword in hand, ready for any emergency; and the pheasant shrilling encouragement near-by. Soon, pleading for his life, the devil promised to turn over all his gold and other treasures to Taro, and the lad returned home triumphantly to proud parents, the conqueror of Devil's Island.

A neighborhood lad, Seji, whom I met recently, brought

this story to mind. Seji is a real boy—aged fourteen, small of stature, with legs slightly bowed. His mother died some years ago. Deprived of his mother's influence, Seji left school when he had finished the eighth grade and started to work for a fish monger.

He may be seen early and late, in good weather and bad, going about plying his trade with that never-to-be-forgotten smile lighting up his youthful face. Had his mother lived, she would have been proud of such a son. Seji and his smile have just what is needed to make the world a little brighter for all who meet him. All our neighbors know him, too, and he is loved by them as well. The faces of his customers light up with happy smiles when Seji approaches them on his daily rounds. That smile! It's simply contagious. One just can't help being cheerful, when Seji is around!

Our modern Huck (Seji) was not found in a peach but found to be "a peach." He has had no dog, monkey, or pheasant to help in his quest; but, armed only with his smile, Seji has attacked the devil's island, and it looks, now, as though he will be much more victorious than was the original peach boy. Regular at catechism classes, pious, and serious when need be, Seji is due to win, soon, golden treasures of grace that never rust or fade. Above all, he seems most pleased with the fact that in Our Lady he has a new mother. And that alone has added something of heaven to Seji's greatest weapon—his winning smile.

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for September:
For social works

OUR WORLD OF MISSIONS

FATHER LEBBE of China has gone to his reward. His death means little to the Catholic public, for seldom has his name come to the attention of the world at large. Only the more avid readers of mission literature know him.

Among missionaries, however, he will be mourned deeply as a great apostle who humbly and respectfully but persistently made himself the protagonist of mission policies which have proved of profound practical value in the direction of modern mission activity.

As a missionary, Father Lebbe was the type who becomes all things to all men. He completely identified himself with his adopted people, abandoning all the habits and practices of his Belgian homeland in order to make himself thoroughly Chinese. He became a Chinese citizen, and as a loyal subject of China he labored wholeheartedly for his adopted country. During a visit to China's wartime capital, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek showed his special regard by inviting Father Lebbe to ride with him through the streets of the city.

Father Lebbe founded a community of Chinese religious Brothers, and during the recent war years he directed many of the community, the Little Brothers of Saint John the Baptist, as Red Cross workers with the Chinese armies. He has always occupied posts of danger and, according to our present report, just before his death was held a prisoner by Communists for forty days, an experience which, if it did not cause his final illness, seriously aggravated it. The end came in a hospital in Chungking.

In Father Lebbe we salute a worthy modern-day successor to the greatest of the Church's missionaries!

GROWTH IN INDIA A friend of many Maryknollers has recently been named a bishop in India.

He is now the Most Reverend Thomas Pothacamury, who has been chosen as first head of Guntur, a new diocese which will be manned entirely by native clergy. He is the fifteenth son of India to head an Indian see.

Bishop Pothacamury, though laboring in Madras, is a Telugu, a member of one of the most esteemed of India's many peoples, and has long been recognized for his ability and energy. He has been for many years editor of an outstanding Catholic weekly, the *Madras Leader*, director of a community of native Sisters, and pastor of a mission parish.

The bishop is typical of the sturdy native stock which is slowly assuming the helm in those as yet tiny sectors of India where the Faith has become partially self-supporting and practically self-propagating. This last generation has seen very satisfying progress in India. The mission stations with resident priests have mounted from 900 to 2,200; priests have increased from 2,100 to 4,500, 3,000 of whom are Indian; and Sisters from 900 to 9,500, of whom 6,000 are Indian. Catholics, though only two

per cent of the vast population, number some 4,000,000.

The grave events which now shake the world are awakening much conjecture as to the political future of India. So far as the religious future is concerned, most men feel secure. Communism has its adherents, but the Indians are markedly spiritual-minded, and the advance of any doctrine which would overthrow the things of the spirit is not likely.

It is encouraging to note that such men as Bishop Pothacamury and a great number of foreign missionaries, who are thoroughly Catholic and devoted to India, see no serious problem for the Church in the present trend of thought in India. Archbishop Mathias of Madras in speaking publicly of Mahatma Gandhi said recently, "Outside the Church no one perhaps has echoed more eloquently the Church's appeal to Christian ethics than Mr. Gandhi, who in his immense endeavor for India's economic uplift never loses sight of the supremacy of spiritual values."

ARISTOCRACY OF FAITH A seventy-year-old priest has just died in Shanghai, Father Simon Zi. It is interesting to note that his family was Catholic before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. He is the tenth-generation descendant of Zi Ko-lao, a truly great Christian whose cause for canonization is under consideration.

Many of the elder Zi's descendants have been noted for their place in Chinese Catholic life. Outstanding for piety is Candida Zi, of the third generation, whose cause is also under consideration. Father Simon's long and fruitful career was passed in missionary labors and in the writing of books—his beautiful Chinese style gaining him works high praise as literary achievements.

We think of China and unconsciously conceive its Church members as converts of yesterday. While this is true of the majority, there is in China, nevertheless, an aristocracy of the Faith which dates its origin back several centuries. These Catholics are as staunch and sure in spirit as the finest in the Church the world over.

CANADA'S MISSIONARY DELEGATE His Excellency, Archbishop Hildebrand Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, who for seven years was secretary at the Apostolic Delegation in Peiping, has been notably mission-minded in his work. On his arrival in Canada he noted: "His Holiness Pius XI said to Bishop Turquetil when this apostle of the Canadian north visited Rome, 'If there is any mission in the world that I should like to visit, it is yours.' Now, I am going to carry out this desire of the Pope."

The archbishop did so in an extensive journey of many thousands of miles—covered in great part by air—in which he visited not only Bishop Turquetil on Hudson

Bay, but most of the other stations throughout the vast, though thinly settled, missionary realms of Canada.

"The ministry of the Church is double," is a declaration of Archbishop Antoniutti. "There is the ministry of conservation, and there is above all the ministry of conquest. . . . It is particularly by the ministry of conquest that Christ's words, 'Going, teach all nations,' are carried out. There is in these words a directive order as to the method to be followed in the world apostolate."

"*Sentire cum Roma*—Think with Rome," His Excellency advises frequently. "You will be fulfilling the most ardent desire of the God-Man expressed to the Father, 'That they all may be one as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us.'"

DETROIT AND MISSIONS There is the strong ring of personal experience in the words of Archbishop Mooney of Detroit in the annual report of the Propagation of the Faith Society in his archdiocese.

"Although," says His Excellency, "mission interest is quite universal in the archdiocese, we shall make a grave mistake if we become complacent and judge that we have done all that is expected. Few of us, I believe, can say that we have in any respect equaled in mission service what we expect and in fact demand of the missionaries themselves, whose calling cannot be fulfilled except by a complete oblation of all their strength and talents."

"If we should, therefore, be tempted to curtail our charity or lighten our labor for the missions, let us think of the missionaries and of their apostolic lives. Let us think, too, of the immensity of their task and beg God to fill both their hearts and our own with that charity which made Saint Paul cry out, 'Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel.' Nor should our own needs at home blind us to the far greater needs in mission countries. I am convinced that, in return for our charity to the missions, God will either lighten our own burdens or at least give us the strength to bear them with greater patience."

THE SAVOR OF GREAT DEEDS Through the tropic forest some months ago journeyed the Papal Delegate to the Belgian Congo, Archbishop Delaplane, to ordain two more Congolese as priests of the people. This brought the total in Belgium's great colony to 80. Mission priests, Brothers, and Sisters in the colony number over 3,000, and Catholics number well over 2,000,000—about sixteen per cent of the total population.

"The eyes of the missionary," writes the delegate, "fall pensively on that long black column of 10,000,000 souls which remain to be converted. Discouraging? No. Far from discouraging, it reanimates the flame of his zeal."

Our earnest prayer is that Europe's war will not destroy the fire of the Church's missionaries in the Congo.



The Jesuit Fathers from their observatory in Shanghai watch the China seas. Above: Father Burgaud, S.J., director of the time service. Below: A Chinese assistant

SCHOOL OPENS



The tables are turned—Father Foto is caught snapping.

SEPTEMBER at Maryknoll again finds the corridors and cloister walks, abandoned during August, filled with theologians old and new. The total enrollment in all Maryknoll houses for this school year—324 students—shows a remarkable increase.

The contingent for first-year Theology, arriving at the major Seminary from the Novitiate at Bedford, numbers thirty-four. One student writes of his reactions:

My first impression of Maryknoll was one of "upness": up through the town of Ossining, then up again higher, up to Maryknoll, up nearer to heaven. At last it stood before me, the attractive building that was to be my home for the next four years. Both occidental and oriental in architecture, it represented to me the land of my birth and the land of my calling. Sturdy and upright as were the men that achieved it, lofty as were their ideals and their realizations!

But there was no time to extol the splendors of Maryknoll. This had been done before, and there was the questionable splendor of a huge trunk to be transplanted up five long flights of stairs.

The proverbial Maryknoll spirit had prevented me,

however, and had already dissolved that difficulty by prompting two fellow students to perform the arduous task, so that upon arriving in my room I found the old trunk waiting patiently. This, my first taste of the real Maryknoll, was a very savory one.

After the inevitable hasty unpacking of necessities, we were off to the recreation room for the usual round of introductions. But *THE FIELD AFAR* and *Sparks*, the local diary, had performed their task so well that I found I was already acquainted with all the cheerful faces around me, and there remained only the formality of meeting each for the first time. What is more, the attitude of the old-timers towards the tyros from the historic plains of Bedford was one that almost made us feel important.

It was at this point that the reality of it all began to dawn on me. Why, these fellows weren't strangers! These were my brothers, my fellow Maryknollers. This huge, pleasant building with its upturned eaves was not just Maryknoll, but *my* Maryknoll, my *home*. It is an indescribable joy, that of being a Maryknoller at home.

—F. W.

A touring reporter had this to say of Maryknoll some time ago in a Rochester (New York) paper:

Our interest in Maryknoll was aroused by a road marker on the way to Ossining. On a hilltop a great stone tower stood above the trees. It was roofed in green tile, with the eaves curling up in graceful curves. The whole suggested oriental architecture. On the tower top was a cross. We turned in a gateway and beheld columns in Chinese red, doors in cherry-blossom pink, green-and-



Left: Directors and students at Maryknoll in St. Louis. Below: Missioners-in-the-making find the Seminary tennis courts just the thing for keeping in good trim.

gold ornamentation contrasting with sober black. Young men in black cassocks were pacing briskly about. We hailed one and asked if we might visit and were assured with a smile that we were most welcome.

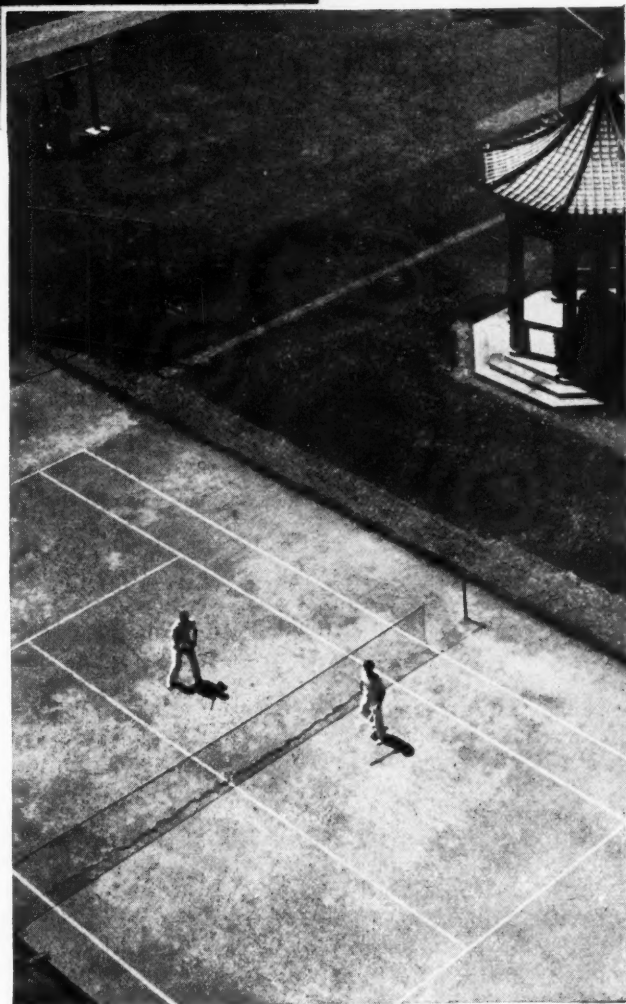
Entering the main portal, we were welcomed by a smiling priest as a gong announced our coming. In a moment we had explained we were passers-by and were assured a Brother would be our host.

The Maryknoll Fathers have been referred to as "The Apostles of the Smile." We were conscious that everybody appeared happy. "The Orientals are a happy, generous, and smiling people," we were reminded, so the young men are taught to be friendly and smiling—traits which live with them and which must serve them through difficult days. In our wanderings through the place we met mature professors and husky students, but we were always greeted with a pleasant word and a smile.

The Society, including candidates, numbers some 1,200. Each year, we were told, they baptize 7,500 converts. "The field is large and we labor among 25,000,000 people."

It was a pleasant and interesting diversion from the roaring speedway to visit these people devoted to their vocations and unafraid of the future. We headed back toward the busy traffic lanes with the feeling that we should like to come again.

—L. B. Skeffington



ORIENTAL ODDITIES

DESPITE the stoicism of oriental philosophy, the average Chinese is as much emotionally disturbed in the presence of death as is his occidental brother. When the light of true faith is lacking, numerous superstitious practices are invoked to quell the natural fears connected with the separation of the body and spirit.

When the family is convinced that there is no hope for the recovery of some sick member, the patient is removed to a room which is not ordinarily occupied. Lacking such, the family may resort to a barn or a shed. To them death is an evil, surrounded by demoniacal influences. To allow anyone to die in a good bed, or bedroom, would be to invite some spirit to haunt it later, thus rendering it dangerous for anyone else to use. Not even the victim of this practice objects; he understands.

As soon as death occurs, relatives announce the fact to the tutelary deity to gain his assistance for the departed in passing through the next world. The corpse is dressed in new clothing. A girdle is rarely used, however, for its Chinese name, *taai-tsz*, sounds very much like the term meaning to abduct children. If the dead man has no girdle, he will not be apt to snatch away the souls of children when he departs for the shades. Similar to the girdle custom is that of leaving one or more buttons of the deceased's coat unbuttoned. The word for button, *k'cu-tze*, sounds too much like another word for kidnapping children.

Not a little of the dead man's happiness in the next life depends on the fidelity of his children in performing the customary rites in honor of their ancestors. It is the duty of the eldest son to demonstrate his filial piety by driving a nail into the coffin. This is known as the posterity nail and indicates the fulfillment of reverence due the departed. If a grandson—or even better, a great grandson—survives, this is demonstrated much better by the nail being driven by him: it shows that filial devotion has been provided for two or three generations to come.

The funeral procession is a sure index to the wealth of the family of the deceased. Much face is gained by a large number of mourners, banner carriers, imitation household furnishings, and treasures made of paper. Paper horses, sedan chairs, and nowadays even paper motor cars, are seen in such corteges. These and plenty of mock money are all burned at the grave. Fire is believed to have a mystical power to transform such imitation articles into spirit substance, thereby rendering them available to the departed souls.

Occasionally one sees an unburied coffin, suspended on a frame and covered with straw, in the fields. This may hold the corpse of a woman who died in childbirth, or a victim of murder, whose *corpus delicti* must remain unburied until lawsuits have been concluded. Women who die in childbirth are considered practically beyond the pale of redemption from the "pool of blood" in hell to which they are condemned for failing in their filial duty.

Among strict Confucianists, at least, they must not be buried for three years.

In one of our missions, a young Catholic woman died while giving birth to a baby girl. Her family was pagan, but loved her dearly. They came to the Catholic funeral, which was held in the husband's Catholic village. They were greatly amazed at the honor she received in death. The usual Catholic ceremonies were held, with the priest officiating and numerous Catholics attending the Requiem Mass. In fact, so many were present that no house in the village was large enough to accommodate the crowd; so a bamboo covering was made for the altar and the coffin in the open courtyard, while several hundred Catholics devoutly united in the service. The pastor preached of Christian hope, and assured the congregation that the young mother's soul had been well prepared by the last Sacraments for her entrance into eternity, that she was sure of salvation. This was directly contrary to the "damnation in the pool of blood" as taught by the native religions; and, while this doctrine was not new to the Catholics, it so impressed the pagan family of the dead girl that eventually they and their entire village embraced the Faith. Her parents never tired telling of the consolation they received at the funeral. This narration did much to spread a correct appreciation of Catholic teachings in that countryside.


There is an interesting sequence to this funeral. The baby girl survived her mother and was sent to be nursed in a near-by pagan village, as no Catholic nurse could be found. She was baptized Teresa, after the Little Flower. Ordinarily no pagan nurse would have dared to care for her, but this one had heard of the Catholic funeral and, while mourning the death of her own infant daughter, determined to "gain merit" by volunteering her service. The pastor kept a close eye on this baby and often visited the village where she was being reared. Within a year that village, too, had entered the Church, and who will deny but that the intercession of the dead mother brought about the conversion of these two villages?

SEED TIME AND HARVEST

(Continued from page 5) of her Catholic daughter. She was most anxious to meet Sister Maria, who had not only taught her daughter the catechism but had so impressed her with the beauty of a religious life that fifteen years later the girl reaped the benefit of that former association.

The parents have now consented to enter the Church, although it will be no easy matter for them to separate themselves from the Protestant church which they have been attending for the past twenty-five years and of which the father is an elder.

Fifteen years may seem a long time to bring about a conversion, but with God there is no time. The missionary looks to the future, trusting in the goodness of God.



WILL YOU BACK THEM?

All Maryknollers in South China pass through Hong Kong on the way to their missions.

TWENTY-ONE Maryknoll priests left their homes in various parts of the United States, about six weeks ago, to journey to the mission fields of the Orient. By the time you read this, they will have reached the other side of the Pacific. They will be nearing the corner of the world where they expect to spend the rest of their lives for God and precious souls.

If they gladly give their all to work among millions afflicted in body and soul, surely there must be others who, while they cannot give their lives, are willing to go part way and help support these others. Our young American missionaries are not given guns, or bombs, or poison gas. They are not told to spread bitterness and hatred, or to wreck lives and property. Only one command do they get: to show the love and mercy of Christ to as many human beings as possible. With millions of armed soldiers ready to bomb everything in sight, don't you think it worth-while to "give a hand" to the few men who are willing to suffer anything to spread the love of God and their fellow men over the earth?

For each missionary we must provide thirty dollars a month (one dollar a day), if he is to live and "carry on." *If you can't back one for the full thirty days a month, how*

about doing it for a few days a month—any number you like? Fifty-eight friends over the country now support Maryknollers for the full thirty days a month, and one hundred and nineteen sponsor a missionary for five or ten days out of every thirty. Finally, more than two hundred and fifty others help for one, two, or three days a month.

Each month we must find thirty thousand dollars to maintain our Maryknoll missions; and our bills, like those of most other mortals, come faithfully each month! Then, too, most of our friends operate on monthly budgets. *So there are many reasons for our stressing MONTHLY help.* We send each sponsor a monthly reminder or statement, with a return envelope, stamped and addressed. As this help involves no pledge, a sponsor can "sign off" at any time. *Furthermore, it should in no way interfere with personal or parish obligations.*

Below is a coupon for your convenience.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York

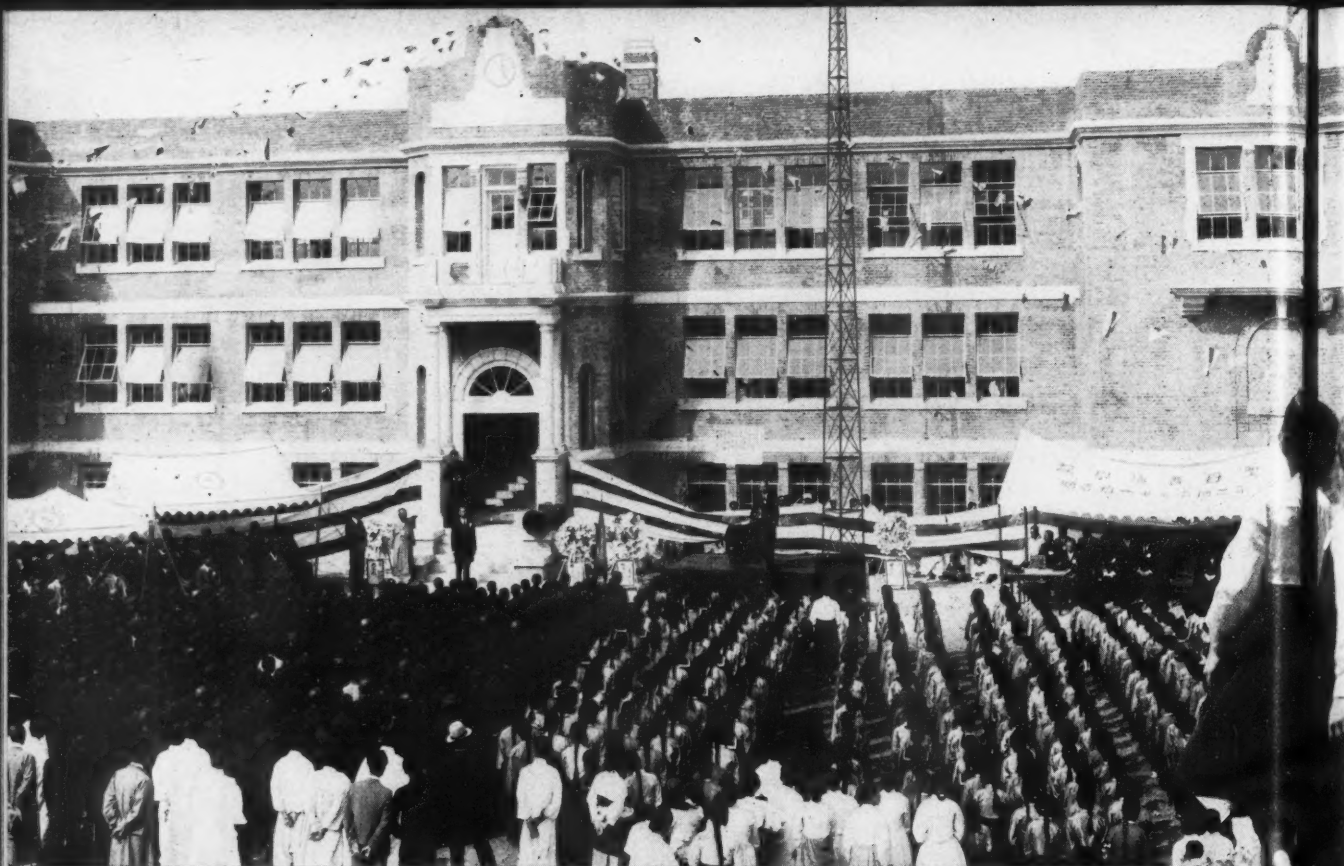
Dear Fathers:

You may send me a monthly reminder for the support of a Maryknoll missionary for days of each month. I understand that I may discontinue this whenever I wish.

NAME

ADDRESS

One who supports a Maryknoller for 30, 20, 10, or 5 days (or even one day) each month, at \$1 a day, is a Maryknoll Sponsor and shares in the spiritual privileges of the Society. Maryknoll priests offer their Masses each Friday



Holy Mother School at Heijo, Korea, has an enrollment of more than a thousand students. This school, which has government recognition, was built by Maryknollers to replace the motley array of Korean shacks which hitherto had housed the boys and girls. Below: A Chinese teacher.



SCHOOL DAYS

DEAR old golden-rule days" for oriental children will be well under way as you, dear readers, peruse these lines. In the seven territories staffed by Maryknollers in China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea, 15,293 children are being instructed in 142 schools. Besides elementary and prayer schools, these missions also have seven minor seminaries, with 271 native aspirants for the priesthood, and six convents, with 127 postulants for native sisterhoods.

Until recently the progress of Catholic schools in the Orient had been slow but persistent. China and Japan have Catholic universities, but the number of high schools still remains small. In China and in some Manchu and Korean cities, Maryknollers have established elementary schools, which have received Government approval. This is in line with the policy of the Holy See, urging Catholic missionaries not simply to gather flocks which in each succeeding generation will need new foreign priests to father them, but to give them a treasure to guard for which they in turn must raise up priestly guardians and representative leaders. Such champions will never be had in numbers until the missionaries are enabled to continue and further their present school efforts by the permanent establishment of higher schools of learning.

Schoolgirls in the Orient play London Bridge and the other games so familiar to children of the West. Below: A Japanese schoolmaster guides the hand and writing brushes of his little charges at their version of A B C's.



MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority. Published Monthly.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

NO APOLOGY

If missions needed an apology, present world conditions would amply provide it. The burden of the missionary's teaching is an echo of the Creator's own, and it is through this divine teaching alone that the world will find its peace. To ignore the law of God can end in no happiness for anybody, whereas the setting up of false values inevitably results in misery for all.

The battlefields of the world are drenched in bloody witness to the world's greatest delusions. Glory and fame, material gain, blind partisanship—millions have been martyred gratuitously in their name. May not other saner millions respond to the eternal romance of struggling for the only things that are truly precious? Will God lack His legions to champion the eternal values that will bring His people peace? Eternal truths, eternal rewards, these are the missionary's field, his recompense, his apology.

ON THE WAY

Along the steamship rail a group of youthful faces surrounded as many Roman collars. Smiles predominated. Last goodbys were rapid, a little playful, entirely casual. The travelers might have been setting out on a ferryboat ride down the bay. Certainly their bearing gave little indication of a journey that involved crossing the Pacific for life.

Curious eyes rested on them for a moment; curious thoughts flitted through as many minds. Their own countrymen saw them go with mild feelings, with mixed feelings, or with no feelings at all.

Another bunch of missionaries. Another group of visionaries. Youthful idealists having a tilt at windmills. Odd men of mystery you find everywhere, doing nobody knows what. Eccentrics with the urge to go around stirring up trouble. Dreamers engaged in impossible attempts to do good. Simple youngsters who would have better sense to stay at home. Clever schemers who are forever going abroad. Personable young men who will represent their country well. Queer ecclesiastics who do

not represent their country. Exiles to a life of hardship. Adventurers seeking a free and easy life.

To these unspoken thoughts add one that was heard to come from the lips—and the heart—of an old lady with bright eyes and many wrinkles. "Flower of the flock," she murmured. "God needs priests in China. Blessings on them!"

Let us hope that the old lady came the closest to a correct appraisal of the situation. The group was composed of Maryknoll men on the way to the Orient.

A PROTOTYPE

How loving is Divine Providence and how farsighted. And how mysteriously do all things cooperate unto good to those who have complete trust in Its guidance. The spectacle of Father Price seeking the mission field at the age of fifty-nine portrayed nothing to the eminently practical world except an example of idealistic futility. But who was thinking of the young men to follow after? Who was anticipating the difficulties they would have to face, the doubts and discouragements, the dark days when all would seem lost, the critical periods when the great ideal would be obscured in the fog of stress and trouble, and the temptation would come to give it all up as just another beautiful but mistaken dream? Only God was thinking of them, and only His Divine Providence was consciously looking forward to their greatest problem and so shaping events as to provide its solution. So it was written that Father Price should be a missionary. To you it was a case of an old man pursuing an impossibility; to them it was a picture of their venerable founder living his cherished vocation to the extent of dying at his post in the actual mission field. Is it a picture to encourage them? Is there one who will turn back to the armchair and the cosy corner while he carries this example in his mind and heart? In his old age this founder of Maryknoll started out to conquer new worlds for Christ at the cost of his life. This was the inspiration God provided to nerve a whole generation of missionaries to die with their boots on.

SUCCESSORS

The minds of Maryknollers in the homeland stray often to the missions; the missionaries in their scattered outposts find their thoughts turning with equal frequency to Maryknoll, where their successors are in the making. We are still a young Society, and comparatively few of our members have passed their visible peak of service; yet the inexorable milestones accumulate, and we get no younger. Meanwhile, the field calls insistently for laborers to reap the harvest, a harvest that God's grace seems to make ripen and richer day by day. Our hope for the future crystallizes in the Maryknoll Seminary.

Out beyond the Maryknoll Seminary is the youth of our country, scattered in the schools and colleges, learning its little lessons and dreaming its big dreams. It is our missionaries' constant prayer that the Spirit of God may find His chosen ones among these youths, disposing and fitting them by His grace to carry on one day, in our stead, the quest for souls in fields afar.

A REASONABLE ANSWER

A member of this year's departure group has sent us this timely message:

"Why go to the Orient?" asked one of my train companions. I had been looking out the window of the train bringing us to San Francisco, and I felt that there was an answer to the question in the evidences of nature all about us.

The trees that we saw on the hillsides and in the valleys do not keep their vitality to themselves but seek to spread it in every direction. They give man fruit to eat, oxygen to breathe, wood for kindling. Like true missionaries they



Images in Gospel quotations have struck the fancy of Chinese Catholic artists. This picture represents "The birds of the air and the lilies of the field," from Saint Matthew, VI: 25-28.

spread what God has given them; they seek to show the world the perfections of God. And not only the trees, but all nature is assembled in harmony. The elements are joined in one communion like to the Communion of Saints in the Church. The sun sends life-giving rays to the plants; the plants give flowers to man. The wind carries the seed of the plant for miles, and soon a new series of plants grow where previously they did not exist.

If the trees, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea share their life, why should not we, too, strive to diffuse the divine life? And should one bring forth the objection that we could do better work at home, we answer that one way to do good work at home is to go abroad. Christ's Incarnation did not harm the life of the Trinity; Paul's excursions over the face of Asia and Europe did not harm the life of the Church of Jerusalem; nor will any missionary's departure lessen the effect of the Church at home.

In fact, the missionary's departure will help the

Church, for when an organism grows, the interior organs expand and are more healthy. These organs share in the expanded life, whereas, if there were no expansion, they would smother and die. The Church must grow just as all living things grow. The Church is a living organism. She is full with the divine life as was Christ; and, as Christ advanced in wisdom and age and grace before God and man, so must the Church grow in numbers, in saints, in wisdom. Her history shows that that is just what she has been doing. She shows us conclusively that the Church must be missionary; all her children must be so Catholic in outlook that they will want to win all for Christ.

L. H. H.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS



We Arrive "Those last five hundred miles, we shall never forget," write two of last year's departants—Sister Joan Marie Ryan, of New York City, and Sister Mary Julia Hannigan, of Brooklyn, now in South China.

"When we went ashore at Sha Ng Chung, the serious business of travel began. An hour's wait in the hot sun on a sloping hill, crowded with sweating coolies carrying their burdens of oil, wood, grass, and grunting pigs, served as our introduction to mission life.

"Then our baggage, packed Chinese style in baskets, had to pass through customs. We shall never forget our walk up the hill to the Customs House—we got mixed in with a procession of pigs going to market!

"Next came a short ride across a stream. Father Quinn, who was our guide, sat in the stern of the tiny boat, bailing out the water which flowed quickly through the many cracks on the sides and bottom of the boat. We two Sisters sat together on a narrow strip of wood, our inside arms linked to keep us from falling over the side, our outside arms busy trying to keep our suitcases above the water line.

"At a convent of native Sisters, we were given a thermos of tea instead of the water for which we had asked, so that night we brushed our teeth with tea!

"On the morrow came the chair ride to Sihang. We each felt like the Queen of Sheba, being carried by two

coolies, with a train of other coolies carrying our baggage. But, as the baggage carriers slipped and stumbled over torn roads and we lurched precariously in our chairs, we ached all over. We'll never again be tempted to envy the Queen of Sheba!

"At Sihang we came to a river and were not sorry to change our mode of travel. We left Sihang by sampan at half-past two, and the understanding was that we should reach Tam Shoui by five o'clock. Actually, it was half-past ten when we got there. Tam Shoui proved to be a real experience. There was no moon, and the night was inky black. We had to leave our baggage on the sampans over night. We waded and stumbled through the town to find the mission out-station, which is visited only a few times a year. The rest of the time it is practically uncared-for, so you can guess what it was like!

"The next day brought us a delightful surprise in the form of a large sampan which served as our home for the four days' ride up the river to Waichow. We all enjoyed those days. We learned how to use chopsticks and how to write Chinese characters. That part of the trip was the nicest, but it came to an end at Waichow.

"There we found poverty and suffering. At the Italian Sisters' hospital, where we spent half a day and a night, we found soldiers badly wounded. Sister Joan Marie helped dress their wounds.

"After four more days of 'chug-chugging' up the river, we arrived at Lao Loung. There we had hoped to hire a bus to Kaying. However, when we inquired about the busses, we found the rate was five hundred dollars! That was too much, so we planned to travel by chair to Keelion and from there by sampan to Kaying. It was probably



SAILING

The group of three Sisters on the left will arrive in Manchukuo this month. They are, left to right: Sister Miriam Jogues Shanahan, of Pompey, N. Y.; Sister Marie Elise Bauman, of Manila, P. I.; and Sister Mary Carolyn Puls, of Cincinnati. The five other Sisters and their mission destinations are, left to right: Sister Mary St. Lawrence, of St. Louis, to Hawaii; Sister Rose Magdalen Collins, of Dorchester, Mass., transferred from the Japanese Mission in Seattle to Korea; Sister Mary Joan Gaspard, of Minneapolis, to Hawaii; Sister Andrew Marie McIver, of Brooklyn, to Hawaii; and Sister Mary Cleophas Fegel, of Wellston, Okla., to Hawaii.

just as well, as that route would have taken at least a week longer.

"However, Bessie, our Chinese *amah*, came to the rescue. She met a Cantonese soldier who was trying to make up a party to share the expense of the bus, so we joined the party and took the bus.

"The bus turned out to be a truck, rather small in size, but large enough, we thought, to hold ourselves and our baggage comfortably. We even considered that five more passengers would not make us feel too crowded. Alas! We had never traveled in a Chinese bus before, so we did not know it was quite possible to fit twenty-five passengers, plus their baggage, in the same bus with us!

"We had waited several hours in the hot, crowded truck before the driver poked his head in the window and called out, 'Is everybody here?' Even the Chinese howled! We changed our position a few times during the ride, usually from a bad to a worse one.

"It was a lovely moonlit night, and the ride over the mountains was a real treat. Some of the soldier passengers got off at Hingning, and that left a little more room for the baggage to juggle around. We had fun dodging things, especially when the bus took some of those turns on two wheels, or so it seemed to us. You can imagine our relief when we turned into Kaying proper.

"The bus let us off at the bridge near the convent. About halfway we were met by Sister Imelda and Sister Rosalia. We had arrived safely at the end of the long, long, trail. Home at last!"

HOME!

"Home at last!" said two of last year's departants when they arrived at their mission twelve thousand miles away. Eight more Sisters now sail the Pacific, eager to reach the distant ports they in turn will call home.

The unique role of remaining here at home yet serving personally in mission lands is that of the sponsor, who provides a Sister's maintenance for one or more days a month at a dollar a day.

Address: Mother Mary Joseph,
Maryknoll P.O., New York.



SIX THOUSAND MOUTHS TO FEED

By Rev. Robert J. Cairns

EVER since need for relief associations has existed in the Canton-Hong Kong area of South China, I have had the good fortune to serve somewhat as a middleman between the several emergency committees and the Catholic institutions. A few of the problems that have come my way may be of interest.

Ten days ago Bishop Fourquet was near the end of his rope in supplying food to keep alive the six thousand people who are being fed and housed at the five ex-Government institutions. Therefore he arranged a conference with several of the Red Cross Executive Committee. They in turn took the matter up at our last Friday's meeting and gave hearty approval to the bishop's proposition to take out of the Shanghai bank, and spend for refugee food, ninety thousand dollars—reserve fund required by the Chinese Government as a bond of insurance against the sudden closing of any Government-registered school. The Red Cross men said that the bishop should use this money. If and when the Government comes into power, the members of the Red Cross as individuals will attempt to get the Government to repay this loan into the reserve fund at the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank.

The Red Cross coffers are low in cash; therefore the monthly grants for the bishop's six thousand mouths have been stopped and the refugee camps have been closed except for about four hundred people. This is to conserve the money so that our hope may perhaps be realized that the relief centers will be enabled to function for most of this year of 1940. Bishop Hall of the Episcopal church has promised to get some funds for us, but unfortunately they are at Chungking and so far we have been unable to get them through to Hong Kong or Canton. The latest suggestion is to send them to Hong Kong by an airplane passenger. Doctor Henry is now in Hong Kong trying to do something about it.

Nearly every day I go out in the Austin to visit the

food centers. Yesterday Mrs. Longworth of the Foreign Women's Unit went along to see the orphanage at Shek Shat, and the Chinese and the Immaculate Conception Sisters there; and later she became interested in the *creche* at To Kam Hang, in Tungshan direction. As a result of yesterday's visitation, the orphans have received blankets, sweaters, and warm clothing. Attempts are being made to get someone interested in donating mosquito nets for the beds, or money to buy them.

Today the bishop telephoned that his truck had broken down, and we immediately arranged to send the Red Cross truck to move rice, along with the effects of the Chinese Sisters, to Shek Pai. Yesterday the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception bought, through the Refugee Committee, kerosene oil at a great reduction. The Little Sisters of the Poor received eight tons of coal recently, and we are accepting only a small portion of the bill, which we have made out to them at a low price.

This week Mrs. Longworth made three visits to Fong Pin Hospital to help in the dispensary and to teach English to the Canadian Sisters of our Lady of the Angels. Two days ago Father Kennedy received an entire truckload of medicines for Fong Pin Hospital.

Ten days ago some visitors went with me from Lingnan when we were moving old people to Shek Pai. They gave me one hundred dollars for the bishop and have promised in addition to try to get two hundred much-needed mats and mosquito nets.

Thus I find myself being made use of as a middleman, and I know that some little good is being accomplished. Surely the prayers of the folks at home are with us.

SCRIPTURE SCHOLARS

Have you an extra set of *McEvilly's Scripture Commentaries*? Father Bernard F. Meyer, pioneer Maryknoller in Wuchow, South China, has need of such a set. Maryknoll will be glad to forward them for you.

CATHOLIC CEBU

FERDINAND MAGELLAN, the official discoverer of the Philippine Islands, first saw the islands on March 16, 1521.

On Sunday, April 14, Magellan ordered the celebration of a Mass on the shores of Cebu. After the Mass, amid great ceremony, the Spaniards erected on the spot a giant cross which can still be seen by visitors to the Islands. Among the eight hundred Cebuanos who received the sacrament of Baptism were Rajah Humabon, who was named Carlos in honor of King Charles I of Spain; the native crown prince, named Fernando in honor of the brother of Charles I; Humabon's queen, named Juana in honor of King Charles's mother; the King of Limasawa (Colambu), named Juan; and Colambu's queen, who was called Isabel.

In the beautiful Saint Augustin Church of Cebu, there is the most ancient image in the Islands. It is called *Santo Nino de Cebu*, or the Holy Child of Cebu. Most historians claim that this is the original statue given by Magellan to Queen Juana after her baptism. It is said

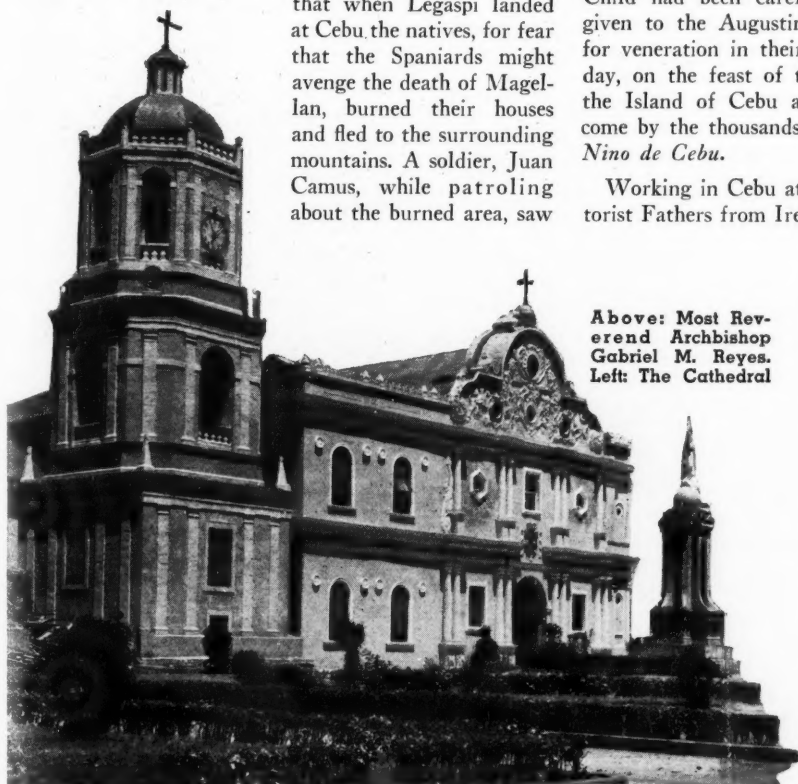
that when Legaspi landed at Cebu the natives, for fear that the Spaniards might avenge the death of Magellan, burned their houses and fled to the surrounding mountains. A soldier, Juan Camus, while patrolling about the burned area, saw

with wonder a small nipa house spared by the flames. He entered the house, and on the floor he saw a beautiful wooden box, in which the image of the Holy Child had been carefully preserved. The statue was given to the Augustinians, and in 1601 it was placed for veneration in their newly built shrine church. Today, on the feast of the Holy Child, pilgrims all over the Island of Cebu and also from neighboring islands come by the thousands to pay their respect to the *Santo Nino de Cebu*.

Working in Cebu at the present time are the Redemptorist Fathers from Ireland, engaged in the giving of missions; the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, in charge of the diocesan college; and the Vincentians, caring for the minor and major seminaries. To these groups Maryknoll adds three priests for Catholic Action work in the archdiocese. The Dominican Sisters, the Sisters of Charity, the Benedictine Sisters, the Missionary Canonesses of Saint Augustin, all have schools for girls in the archdiocese of Cebu. There are over one hundred parishes in the charge of native clergy and ten parishes under the Augustinians and Missionaries of the Sacred Heart—all working zealously to preserve the Faith in Catholic Cebu.



Above: Most Reverend Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes.
Left: The Cathedral



FATHER BRADY'S VACATION



That evening Father Brady, standing at the deck rail, espied the Chinese boy sitting nearby.

THE trip will do you good," the people of St. Mary's parish had said, and Father Brady was on his way. As he leaned back in his steamer chair, his first day out on the Pacific, the book he had been reading slipped from his lap and slid across the deck. Before he had time to reach it, a Chinese attendant who was passing caught the book and returned it to the priest.

A "Thank you!" was muttered as the traveler took the volume, and in a short time he was deep in his meditation. But something new seemed to flash in on his musings, something which seemed to be either the face of a Chinese or the warm smile of a Christian soul. There came to his memory, too, the idea that he had caught the word "Father" as the book was restored to him.

Could it be that this deck boy was a Christian? Impossible! They were a bad lot, those Chinese, and they wouldn't bother with Christianity.

Now Father Brady was human—and inquisitive—and he made up his mind to speak to the lad the next time he happened by. His parishioners had provided this trip to the Orient for him, and he meant to observe everything very closely, so that he might tell them all about it on his return. Truth to tell, he was almost lost on this vacation. It was the first time in his twenty-eight years of priesthood that he had been away from his post for more than two days, and he was still a little anxious to know how things would go along in his absence.

That evening, as the priest stood alone at the deck rail,

he espied the boy who had recovered his book in the afternoon. "What's your name?" he demanded almost gruffly of the young man.

"Gabriel Tsam."

"Gabriel!" said the priest. "Well, the archangel must be proud of you."

"I hope so, Father," the boy replied in English so excellent that Father Brady thought for a moment he was deceived.

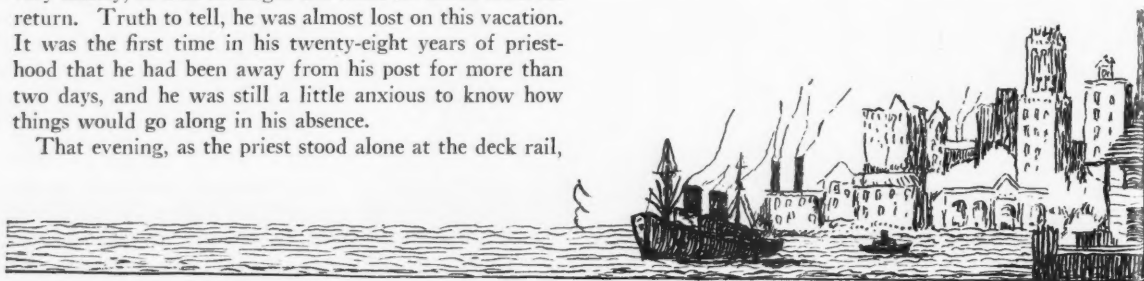
In fact, the title "Father" opened the way to a new flood of questions, from the reason for the boy's being a Catholic, on down to his knowledge of English, and his present employment. The Chinese had a question, too, a question that puzzled the priest:

"Did you ever hear of Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre?"

"No," confessed the priest.

"Well," began Gabriel, "I shall tell you of him, and that will answer your questions."

"Nearly a hundred years ago, Father John Gabriel left Europe for China and was stationed in the district where my forefathers lived. He was the first Catholic priest to



visit that neighborhood, and the people believed he was a great prophet; they threw flowers before him and made a great welcome for him in the city.

"At first the chief of the village was friendly toward him; but in a very short time he was led to believe that this man would overthrow him and become chief himself. The teachers of the pagan religions saw their influence waning, and false witnesses were found who swore that Father John was a political spy. Some of his faithful followers warned him that soldiers were marching down on the village to arrest him, but he did not run away; he went out into the garden and prayed for a long time.

"Then one of the catechists, who was afraid that he, too, might be killed, ran to the chief and promised, for a sum of

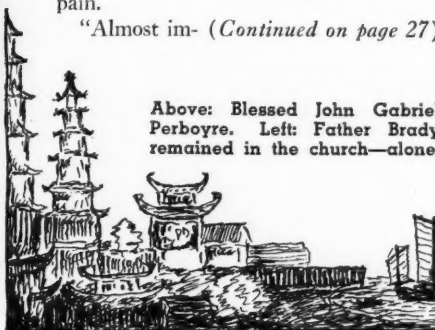


money, that he would tell where the Father was hiding. After the chief and the elders had given him thirty ounces of silver, he led them to the garden; and there they captured Father Perboyre.

"His humiliations and sufferings were frightful, as he was dragged before three different judges. Finally he was sentenced to death. With some criminals he was taken to the top of a hill, where he was fastened to a cross and died in pain.

"Almost im- (Continued on page 27)

Above: Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre. Left: Father Brady remained in the church—alone.



WHO GIVES TO GOD . . .

THE proverb says that such donors are building for themselves in eternity. At Maryknoll we are continually humbled and edified at the manner in which so many give to God. For the most part, gifts for the missions and our missionaries do not run to three or four figures, but we are only too conscious of the fact that every small gift comes laden with such sacrifice as to make it infinitely precious.

In response to our one yearly appeal—that for our outgoing missionaries—there have been most heartening letters. One elderly bachelor wrote: “I was going to buy new linoleum and a few fixings for my little room, but I’m sending you the money, instead, for one of the priests who will leave soon for his mission. He won’t have linoleum, I bet! I can make the old stuff do for another year.”

A lady, eighty-six years old, wrote: “I didn’t choose any one missionary to be the recipient of my gift. Saint Paul never would have received much if he had to depend on his picture, and he made many a successful mission journey. God be with them all!”

A young married couple stayed home in order to send a missionary abroad: “My wife and I had planned a trip out into the country for next Sunday, but when we heard of the twenty-one priests leaving this country for the Orient, we decided to cancel the excursion and send you the money we should have spent on oil and gas. It isn’t much, but it did require a sacrifice, which I hope will make it even more pleasing in God’s sight.”

BURSES We are happy to announce that, since our last mention of burses, the McLoughlin Memorial Burse has been completed. Notable additions have been

made to private memorial burses, and to those in honor of the Holy Souls, Saint Therese, and Our Lady of Lourdes. Any incomplete burse—there are forty-two of them—may be added to in any amount over a dollar. A complete Maryknoll Burse is \$6,000, the interest from which (when we are fortunate enough to receive five per cent!) brings \$300, substantially the cost of educating a seminarian. The donors to burses share in the prayers, labors, and Masses of each new priest who is educated through this foundation. Burses for the education of native priests in our missions are established at \$1,500.

SPONSORS We can never be too lavish in praise of our sponsors who back Maryknollers in their work for one or more days each month. Recently these examples—two extremes—came to our attention:

A very poor gentleman in Los Angeles gives \$1 a month to support a Maryknoller for one day out of every thirty. But here is how he does it: “I’m out of work—everything going out, nothing coming in. May the Lord help us! But we are not complaining, because we still remember the little story about the man who complained about his shoes hurting his feet, until he met another man who did not have feet. And we still have this dollar, thanks to Him, and we gladly give it to support one of His missionaries for at least one day a month.”

A Scotch Presbyterian lady wrote that she is so much impressed by the extraordinary work being done by our Catholic missionaries that she wants to be “associated with it,” and gladly volunteers to support a Maryknoller for thirty days each month.

How good is God in His providence! How fortunate we are to have a share in carrying on in a small way the great work the Master began—to bring “peace to men of good will.”

BOUQUET FOR THOUGHTFULNESS

We like to find that Maryknoll friends realize how genuinely appreciative we are and how desirous to be thoughtful.

“You make things so easy for me to keep in touch with you.”

—New York City

“I was unable to renew on account of sickness and received a wonderful letter from you, saying you would carry me on for another year. I appreciate it very much. Thank God, I am feeling better and am able to send you my dollar.”—Utica, New York

The students at College Saint-Joseph, Berthierville, P. Q., plant a good seed.



FATHER BRADY'S VACATION

(Continued from page 25) mediately, the truths of Christianity began to spread through the village; and today there is hardly an unbeliever in our village."

The priest smiled a little and, as he shook his head, said, "If I did not know the history of Christ's passion and death, I should almost believe you."

"Ah, but it is true, Father! Blessed John Gabriel was an imitator of Our Lord always, and it seemed to be part of his glory that he should have a death so much like his Master's."

"And you say the whole village became Catholic?"

"Yes, all the people! And the example of this good man is held up to us by our parents, so that nearly every boy in Chang-yin is called John or Gabriel."

"We have American priests in our village now. One of them arranged for me to study at a college in California. I worked my way through for six years."

All this was but the beginning of many wonders for Father Brady. He had heard that priests were going to China from America, but he had always frowned on the idea. It didn't occur to him to investigate the work they were doing there, or to try to verify his impression that such efforts never attained great results. Now, as he beheld the churches of inland oriental cities, his eyes were opened in a new way.

It was when he reached the village of Chang-yin that he was the most deeply impressed. There he found three priests, a Brother, and six Sisters working quietly and as effectively as those in his own parish. To find there an entire Christian community, to find a whole village at prayers each night and at Mass every morning, proved no less amazing to the traveler than other evidences of strong faith which he witnessed on every side.

The little Chang-yin chapel was silent; the devout Christians had returned to their homes, and the night was peaceful and still. Father Brady remained on his knees, alone. A glance at the tabernacle surmounted by the cross brought back the subject of his meditation on the boat, and in another moment he had solved the question. He made a decision, too: he would not go any farther on his journey; he would return home.

But the people at home—"What shall I say to them?" As though it were in answer to a prayer, his eyes caught a glint from the crucifix just above the tabernacle, dim in the shadow of the ruddy lamp—and he knew it was an answer for those at home as well as for himself. The

THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers,

I have just received my June copy of *THE FIELD AFAR*—also a letter telling me that my subscription has reached the "dead line."

It might interest you to know that I had not intended to renew my subscription, because there is so much to be done in our own parish, where we are trying to build a new school. Your far-off missions held no tie to bind me, and one dollar, though almost nothing in such a great work, means a great deal right here at home.

However, on reading my Maryknoll magazine, I happened across the pictures of the priests who are to be ordained on June 16. God bless them all! When I saw that two are from Cambridge, my next-door city, it made me look at the work of the missions from a different angle. Two young men, brought up very close to my own sons, are soon to spread God's word in distant parts, while I can sit back with a dollar in my hand. They seemed to chide me and made me wish my little, small, mean dollar might be one hundred.

So, Fathers, in humility I renew my subscription and ask your prayers for my family and myself.

—A. E. G., Massachusetts

money remaining from his trip would be for Gabriel or any other native boy who might wish to study for the priesthood.

Gabriel had said that Father Perboyre was "an imitator of Our Lord always." Father Brady had tried to be, too, but now he realized better than ever before that imitation of Christ is fraught with daily sacrifice, and he was very happy with the answer that had been given to him.

"After all," he said when he got home, "where could anyone gain more than I did on my vacation?"

DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Monsignor Michael J. White; Rev. Wm. J. Fahey, J.C.P.; Rev. G. J. O'Connell; Rev. Andrew J. Boylan; Rev. Pasquale Roberte; Rev. Ryan; Mother Mary Benedict Conroy; Sr. Magdalen of Saint Basil; Sr. Domenico Campana; Sr. Mary Anthony Cunningham; Mrs. Ellen G. Driscoll; Mr. Daniel Barry; Mr. Matthew F. Hayden; Mr. and Mrs. John Corcoran; Mr. Charles Smith; Mrs. Bernard Welgenbusch; Mr. John C. Murphy; Mrs. Mary E. Smith; Mr. J. Brown; Mr. J. Concannon; Mr. J. Letzkus; Mrs. E. Frost; Miss A. Ennis; Mr. A. Hand; Mr. D. Manning; Mrs. J. Baumgartner; Miss S. Mahoney; Mrs. E. Davis; Miss W. McKeon; Miss N. Nugent; Miss C. McGary; Mr. G. Pate; Mrs. H. McGrail; Mrs. E. Doyle; Mr. P. Lonergan; Mr. W. Manley; Mr. J. Hynes; Miss N. Reardon; Mrs. E. Weber; Mr. F. Leahy; Miss A. McDonnell; Miss A. McCormick; Mr. W. Brown; Mrs. A. Kenney; Miss M. Carney; Mrs. J. McLoughlin; Mrs. W. Gonzalez; Mr. E. Hanlon; Mr. J. Gunn; Miss M. Murphy; Miss E. Walausleze; Miss S. Bergan; Miss M. Geary; Miss I. Keller; Mr. E. Regan; Mr. S. Macomber; Mrs. F. Collette; Miss B. Caughlin; Miss H. Caughlin; Mrs. P. Golden; Mr. A. Sechtm; Miss F. Knight; Mr. P. McNaboe; Mrs. C. O'Sullivan; Mrs. E. Gardner; Mr. M. Monahan; Mr. J. Kelly; Mr. E. Brown; Mr. C. Hoffmann; Dr. A. O'Brien; Mr. M. Maloney; Mr. D. Maloney; Mrs. L. Quinn; Mr. H. Franklin; Mr. C. Evans; Mr. I. Cantwell; Mrs. S. Miller; Mr. R. Pellon; Mr. J. Noble; Miss K. McGrain; Mr. F. Da Costa; Mr. J. Crowley; Miss I. Love; Mrs. H. Mahan; Miss M. Cretzmeyer; Miss K. Garvey.



ON THE MARYKNOLL NEWSFRONT

I wonder how Saint Paul would have written it up had he known these plaguey plagues."

KYOTO, JAPAN Monsignor Patrick J. Byrne, Maryknoll's Prefect Apostolic in this country, celebrated quietly the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. On the same occasion the golden jubilee of Kyoto's oldest Catholic church was marked with the celebration of a Solemn Mass by the jubilarian. Congratulations and "many years" to Monsignor and the churches of Kyoto!

CHIKKAI, SOUTH CHINA Summer visitors are not always unwelcome, but Father Chatigny of the Catholic mission in this city has registered his annoyance at two visitors who persisted in returning, despite his definitely inhospitable attitude. He calls the pair "Miss Mosquito and Mr. Flea." While admitting that Miss Mosquito eats well and gratefully leaves her host a fine present of malaria, the priest maintains: "Mr. Flea is even worse. You ought to see him jump! Lying in my bed, sitting on my desk, getting into my clothing—everywhere he plies his trade—and with what success!

NG FA CHONG PU An interesting sight, these cool September mornings, is that of the girls and several older ladies of the catechism school at the Catholic mission here lined up against the wall of the building, finding a place in the sun while they study their doctrine lesson. The girls sing out their exercises. This method helps not only the youngsters who can read, but also the oldsters who know not their letters. The continued repetition by the children gives the others a fine opportunity to memorize the lessons and prayers. Father Maurice Duffy, the curate, was an interested onlooker with a camera. We don't know yet how successful he was, but we did learn that the "sun bathers" successfully passed their examinations and are now content under the heavenly influence of the rays of divine grace.

SHAMEEN, CANTON, CHINA Choir picnics are not limited to foreign countries. The choir of Our Lady of Lourdes Church here looked forward for many months to a similar outing. Father Cairns of Maryknoll was instrumental in arranging for the group a trip to Lingnan University. Father Cairns writes: "None of the choir had ever seen the place, and it was a real treat. We had a launch for the ride—an hour on the water. We had a portable organ on board and sang all our way up the river and back again. Games were played.

and in addition to a generous picnic lunch the Lingnan authorities supplied a huge basket of native fruit—papaya—and twenty bottles of milk. It was a glorious picnic!”

KAYING, SOUTH CHINA One of the first things necessary in the instruction of new converts is to teach them how to conduct themselves in chapel: take holy water, genuflect, and kneel upright. All pagan practices have to be abandoned before new ones are mastered. For example, pagans kowtow to their idols, crouching down and touching their foreheads to the floor; catechumens, on their introduction to chapel, often feel that they must do the same thing. With the Sisters instructing groups of women and priests training the men, it isn't long before the newcomers are genuflecting and kneeling devoutly in their places. The meaning of the holy water is always easily understood. Christ's Presence in the Blessed Sacrament will grow upon them: it is such a tremendous truth to grasp at the beginning.

DAIREN, SOUTH MANCHURIA “What might be termed a group baptism at Star of the Sea Church (Japanese) in this city was interesting because of circumstances and effects,” says Brother Benedict, scribe for this mission. “The group consisted of a family: father, mother, and four children. The father was of Chinese-Formosian blood, the mother a native Manchu, and the four children were all born in Formosa. The mother had been under instruction for some time but could not receive her husband's permission to be baptized. After some years it was finally granted for herself alone. But then the husband became ill, listened to his wife's instructions, and was baptized by his wife shortly before his death. The baptism of the four children followed. Since the father had been a prominent doctor, his Catholic funeral, together with the news of his wife's and children's conversions, made a deep impression on the vast congregation which came to the church. Several of the doctor's friends who have made inquiries into the teachings of the Church have been well impressed with the literature we were able to give them.”

EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

1. Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 443.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Heijo in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
5. These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
6. The seven contain 25,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They count 70,742 Catholics.
8. Annual adult converts number approximately 7,500.



The little Korean girl at the top of page 28 finds relief from the Indian-summer heat in the old oaken bucket just up from the well. Above: Father Miyashiro, first Japanese native of Hawaii to be ordained to the priesthood; Father Cairns and his Shameen choristers; Mr. Li of Kaying explains to Detroit students some Hakka folklore. Mr. Li is studying engineering in this country.



THE BELL BECAME CATHOLIC

By Rev. Mark A. Tennien

TEN miles from Wuchow, where massive mountains pile high, leaving only a shelf of flood-fertilized land bordering the Foo River, is a village of one hundred and four souls, Mook Poon Long. The village folk are singularly unsophisticated and typically poor. Floods smothered or drought seared their crops for years.

Then in the year 1803, by tremendous sacrifices on the part of the villagers, an impressive brick temple was built in the midst of the field to placate the gods that controlled fortune and to invoke their blessing. A number of stone idols were carved, and incense bowls were placed before them. A large bell was cast with the date of erection, the seventh year of the Emperor Ka Kung's rule (1803). But in this province of over twelve million there was not a Catholic priest, not even one Catholic convert, at that time. And so the villagers were seekers, in the dark, of the unknown God.

For six score and sixteen years the old bell has been the witness of tragedies and tears, sufferings and sorrows. It has rung out for the blossom time of the village youth: boys in their teens brought their brides to bow with them before the ancestor shrine; the two became one by worshiping the same ancestors. The bell has seen every religious emotion, from bliss to sobs, play across the soul of the village folk, like the plectrum on the lyre, and has brought out of the souls songs of deep and earnest prayer. The songs were heard in heaven, and their tone of great sincerity must have touched the Sacred Heart. Catholics in the homeland, too, were praying for souls; and grace descended on Mook Poon Long.

A new religion called "Catholic" had entered the countryside in 1937. It was loved and hated, praised and persecuted, and was talked about more than the price of rice. A trusted friend who was studying its doctrine told the villagers of its blessings. And so they invited the priest to come and tell them about it all. I went with

two Catholics, my "ambassador at large" and my "minister of propaganda." Soon after the visit the village petitioned for instruction. When the news got out, neighbors, friends, relatives, and officials first exhorted the people, then threatened them with dire consequences if they should enter the "foreign devil" religion. But the villagers had found the truth and were determined to follow it, so men and women catechists were sent out from the city to instruct them. That tremendous task required much sacrifice both from the teachers and from their new pupils.

After toiling in the fields or shouldering firewood from the mountains all day, the people gathered to study catechism every night. Wearied by the heat of day, they came to chant and learn the catechism like little children. Some of the fathers nodded by the blinking lamps, mothers with babies strapped to their backs swayed to rock the infants if they cried—yet they studied all the while.

Baptism day came at last, and all but three persons in the village became Catholic. The people looked across the fields to the abandoned temple and the silent bell. A chapel for the true God was their dream. They came and offered to donate the land and one half the labor. A priest in the United States furnished the finances, and the building was started. Each worker received seventy cents wages for a day's work; the next day's labor was given gratis. Thus the chapel went up, and all the while the old bell remained silent and lonely.

Why not pour a little holy water over the bell and make it Catholic? someone suggested. This delighted everyone, and we went for the bell. Four men took it from the frame and carried it to the church. The pagan bell became Catholic and now hangs before the church. It rings at *Angelus* time for the Incarnation prayer. It rings at the consecration of the Mass, as Christ descends to the altar. It rings for Catholic weddings and tolls for funerals. It has a song, though it cannot talk to tell its story of one hundred and thirty-six years. But on conversion day it rang out for the story of the converted villagers, the story of gratitude: gratitude to folks in the United States who had prayed for the conversion of these villagers and who had financed their instruction; to the catechists who taught them daily; to the missionary who had baptized them; and to the priest whose gift built their chapel. May its prayer-song echo for many ages, from the mountain up to heaven, with this story of gratitude—to God!



Father Donovan was not long in adopting the padded garments and furs of the Manchus.

SMILE OUT OF PITTSBURGH

By Katherine Burton



WE are fortunate to have from the pen of Miss Burton this splendid review of "When the Sorghum Was High," the story of Father Gerard Donovan:

There is something especially convincing, something both pathetic and joyful, in the oblation of a young martyr. A Saint Paul grown white-haired in his Master's service, a Saint Athanasius plodding his weary way to exile and death, have about them a grandeur and a glory, but they have not the direct appeal to the people's hearts that a young man cut down in the flower of life has.

Father Donovan's life and death carry that appeal—though in his case it is really a clarion call and a challenge more than an appeal. He was a young man of twenty-seven when he was first sent as a missionary to Manchukuo, a land rent by the guerrilla warfare of numerous bandits.

After a few years there, Father Donovan wrote home that he had met several bandits and they had been very polite. "If all bandits are as courteous as these, there is little thrill in meeting them. If they are not—well, I leave that in God's hands."

Seven years later, while assisting at Benediction in the mission chapel, he noticed a stranger entering the nave and beckoned him out to the sacristy to inquire what he wanted. As soon as he and the man were outside, others appeared, seized the priest and Francis, the acolyte who was in the sacristy, and disappeared with them into the hills.

When the horrified community realized that the young missionary had been taken from them by a bold theft, they set in motion machinery to aid in his return; but they were

unsuccessful. Not until the boy Francis was sent back several weeks later, with a demand for ransom, did they actually learn what had happened.

Francis came back with the story that Father Donovan was "slim and tired" but in good spirits. Good spirits were of course due partly to the fact that the young priest felt safe no matter where he was or what happened to him, but they must have been due in part, too, to his anxiety to keep the boy from too great alarm. They had talked together a good deal, he told the missionaries, and Francis had cried. Then Father had smiled at him and said: "Don't worry! There's nothing to be afraid of. They'll let you go home soon. Pray hard! Be brave!"

And, as it turned out, those bandits had been gentle compared to the later ones who held Father Donovan. Why that first group of bandits turned Father Donovan over to another band was never made clear. Perhaps he was sold or perhaps captured from the first group, or perhaps the two bands had joined. The second was a harsher group, and when it was clear—as he had told them from the beginning—that there would be no money for ransom and their prisoner was merely a liability, he was put to death.

Some six months after his disappearance, his body—emaciated and poorly clothed—was found on a frozen hillside, the very hill in fact over which he had made his last trip seeking souls.

They brought Father Donovan back to Maryknoll only seven years after he had sailed for the East. He had gone out an eager young man, full of desire to serve. He came home a martyr.

They sent him home with prayers and tears—the missionaries, the Sisters, the men and women he had brought to the Faith, the children to whom he had been comrade as well as teacher. He came home in triumph and was laid with the founders of Mary- (Continued on page 32)

SMILE OUT OF PITTSBURGH

(Continued from page 31) knoll. Though he had always been a good example, he was now an even greater one to the boys and young men who would some day go out to carry on the work he had done so joyously and well.

It is not entirely fanciful to think that during those last bitter days, when his physical sufferings were so intense, when he knew the end was really near for him, his words to Francis recalled for Father Donovan a scene in a Garden long ago, when a Figure knelt in prayer, asking for bravery to meet the end. Perhaps he himself heard the same words when death was close at hand, and the Figure of long ago was close to him, telling him: "There's nothing to be afraid of. They'll let you go Home soon."

WHEN the SORGHUM WAS HIGH

A narrative biography of Father
Gerard A. Donovan, M.M.

By John J. Considine, M.M.

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"No ROOM," complains Tung Hua's catechist, "to teach the many converts presenting themselves." \$100 will build adequate room.

CARING FOR TUBERCULARS in Kyoto's Mission requires vast funds. A contribution—great or small—for this work brings great dividends.

"GET OUT!" said the pagan owner, and now Hiken's (Korea) most promising station has no place for the Holy Sacrifice to be offered. \$100 will buy a decent, permanent house.

WE CAN'T BUILD A CHURCH for \$1000 in the United States, but Yungchui (Wuchow) can. They need it badly, too.

HELP WANTED

MULTIPLY ONE HUNDRED by fifteen and you'll get the number of dollars Bishop Ford must pay out to catechists each month. Help him!

EIGHT NOVICES and twenty postulants in Wuchow's Chinese convent are looking for \$50 each—a year—for their support.



A school like this needs \$100 a year to keep going, and Kongmoon has 35 of them. A year's support will prove great assistance!



Thread makers in Kweilin orphanage help keep down costs, but \$85 a year is needed for each of 30 orphans. Can you help one?

SEMINARIANS NEED A CHAPEL at Pet-Teou-Tsai (Kaying). \$2000 will build it.

THREE HUNDRED LEPERS in Kongmoon Vicariate require \$5 each a month for their maintenance.

REBUILDING RAZED CHURCHES in Kweilin is of prime importance. \$300 will build a new chapel.

OPPORTUNITIES

ONE HUNDRED gilt-edged shares in the evangelization of Ouel tji Ri (Korean village) awaits the donor of \$100 where many more than that number are looking for a chapel.

PIGS AND CHICKENS will support Fushun's native novitiate. But they need \$75 to buy the first piglets and eggs.

ALL KYOTO MISSIONS will remember you for a year if you can supply their Mass candles. \$350 is required for a year's supply.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



ALL OVER THE WORLD

the love of Christ must be spread! Young Americans today understand what a privilege it is to join in that cause.

"Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and myself founded great empires. But upon what did the creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him."

—Napoleon Bonaparte

In these days of trouble and stress, we don't stop to argue about who is to blame for this or that war. All we know is that the only way to win either an individual, a nation, or even the world itself is by love and love alone!

Today tens of millions of men are under arms all over the world, and countless more thousands are being recruited under the banner of FORCE, which even Napoleon admitted never wins. Only a handful of the sons of men are being recruited to spread over the world that LOVE which is bound to triumph. "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest." Will you say one "Hail Mary" a day that at least one young American will give himself to the cause of the missions?

